Hoſteſſe Maſter Phang,haue you entred the action?

Phang It is entred.

Hoſt. Wheres your yeoman?iſt a luſty yeoman?wil a ſtand too't?

Phang Sirra,wheres Snare?

Hoſt. O Lord I,good maſter Snare.

Snare Here,here.

Phang Snare,we muſt areſt ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Hoſt. Yea good maſter Snare,I haue entred him and all.

Snare It may chaunce coſt ſome of vs our liues, for he will ſtabbe.

Hoſt. Alas the day, take heed of him, he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, moſt beaſtly in good faith, a cares not what miſchiefe he does,if his weapon be out, he will foyne like any diuell,he will ſpare neither man,woman,nor child.

Phang If I can cloſe with him,I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No nor I neither, Ie be at your elbow.

Phang And I but fiſt him once, and a come but within my view.

Hoſt. I am vndone by his going, I warrant you,hees an infinitiue thing vppon my ſcore,good maiſter Phang holde him ſure,good maſter Snare let him not ſcape, a comes continually to Pie corner (ſauing your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert ſtreete to maſter Smooths the ſilk man,I pray you ſince my exion is entred, and my caſe ſo openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his anſwer,a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne,and borne,and borne,and haue bin fubd off,and fubd off,and fubd off,from this day to that day,that it is a ſhame to be thought on,there is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnleſſe a woman ſhould be made an aſſe,and a beaſt,to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes,and that arrant malmſie-noſe knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices do your offices maſter Phāg,& maſter Snare, do me,do me,do me your offices.

Enter ſir Iohn,and Bardolfe,and the boy.

Falſt.

Falſt. How now,whoſe mare'

Phang I areſt you at the ſute o

Falſt. Away varlets,draw Bar head,throw the queane in the cha

Hoſt. Throw me in the channel nel,wilt thou,wilt thou,thou baſta a thou honiſuckle villaine, wilt th Kings?a thou honiſeed rogue,tho ler,and a woman queller.

Falſt. Keepe them off Bardolf

Offic. A reskew,a reskew.

Hoſt. Good people bring a re thou,thou wot,wot ta,do do thou

Boy Away you ſcullian, you ra tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter Lord chiefe iuſ

Lord What is the matter? keep

Hoſteſſe Good my lord be goo to me.

Lord How now ſir Iohn,wha Doth this become your place,yo You ſhould haue bin well on you Stand from him fellow,wherefor

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful I am a poore widdow of Eaſtche ſute.

Lord For what ſumme?

Hoſt. It is more then for ſome hath eaten me out of houſe and h ſtance into that fat belly of his, b gaine,or I wil ride thee a nights li

Falſt. I think I am as like to rid tage of ground to get vp.

Lord How comes this ſir Iohn would endure this tempeſt of ex med to inforce a poore widdow,

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